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THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF A
LADY'S
SLIPPERS *and* SHOES.
WRITTEN by THEMSELVES.

*So common now are Authors grown,
That ev'ry Scribler in the Town,
Thinks he can give delight.
If writers then are got so vain,
To think they pleasure when they pain,
No wonder Slippers write.*

ANON.

L O N D O N,
Printed: And Sold by M. COOPER in
Pater-noster Row. 1754.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
HISTORICAL

AND VARIOUS

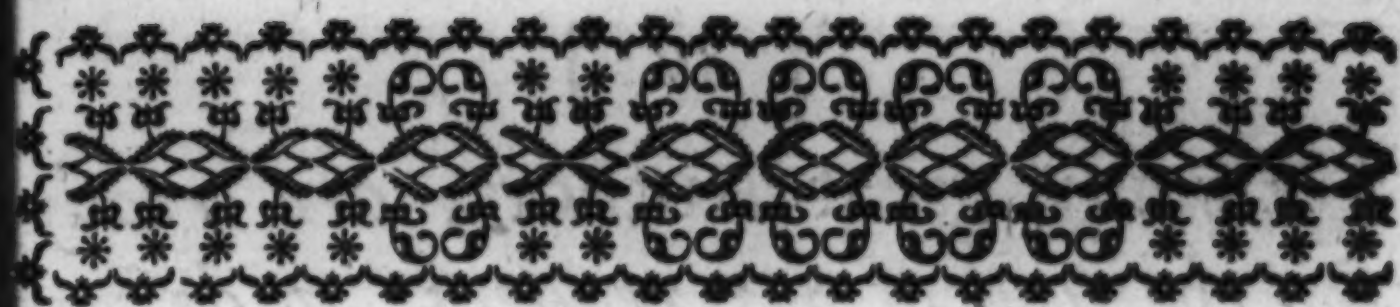
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Preface, Introduction, Dedication, or Advertisement.

*H*AVING observed that every book of consequence (as this of ours undoubtedly is) hath either an Advertisement, Preface, Introduction, or Dedication prefixed to it, to beseech the favour of some GREAT PERSON, or to endeavour at an explanation of the Author's meaning (which, to be sure, is sometimes very necessary, tho' not always successful) we likewise think it proper to say something by way of Prelude (no matter by what name called) humbly hoping that these our Adventures will meet with the same success as many voluminous works have had, in giving the reader all the felicity a dozing nap can procure him; or, if that happiness be denied us, we,

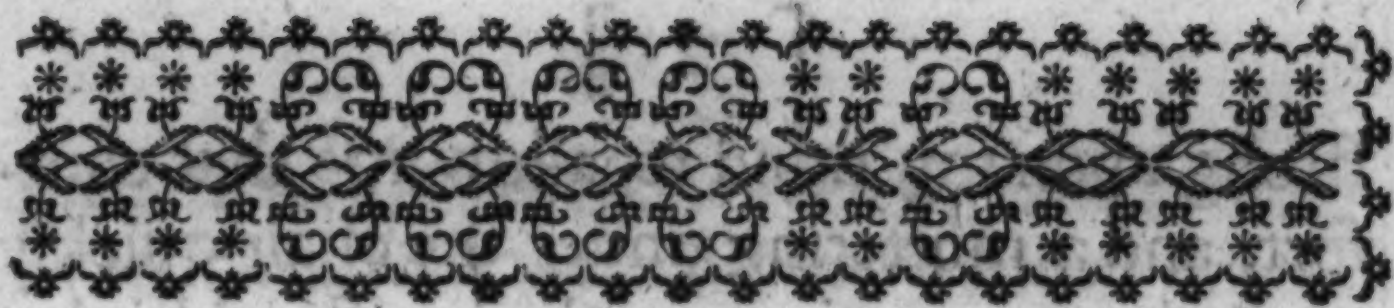
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like many great Authors, are ready, for the good of our readers, to descend lower, still hoping we may be of some use to the fundamental part of mankind, in procuring a happy acquittance of that troublesome affair, which has so often sour'd the best-temper'd man, and caused him to make wry faces at his friends when he never intended it, and at last cruelly forced him to leave their company for the most private retirement. I say, if we shall be thought of any service in this important article, our end will be obtained; in confidence of which, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Your most devoted

SLIPPERS.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
LADY'S SLIPPERS, &c.

Dear Sir,

HAD lately a journey of great importance, and consequently no time to lose. It seems very odd, that never does one meet with more hindrances than when in the greatest haste, at least they never vex us more, and especially when falling out contrary to all apprehension; thus I am sure it happened with me. Who would have thought that one of my chariot wheels, and quite new, would have broke! yet it did, and I had some hours to linger away in a hole of an Inn, till it was repaired; and to mend the matter, by that time it was night. However, as fretting is so much lost pain, I composedly seated myself in an elbow-chair to take a nap till the moon was up; but the exigency of my affairs was too
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strong upon my mind to allow me that comfort, and a muttering under the chair quickly excited my attention: and what should it be, but a formal colloquy between a pair of woman's Shoes and Slippers. I must previously inform you, Sir, that it was once my good fortune to have a very edifying conversation with an old *Rabbi*, on the faculty of speech; wherein he proved, that walls were possessed of it. The contemplative *Pythagoras* is very well known to have held, that beasts could speak; and we are not without instances, that the fiercest of them were very obsequious to his admonitions. There was the *Daunian* boar that had made havock of men, women and children, besides cows and sheep; the philosopher went up to it, stroaked it, and brought it to promise that it would never hurt any living thing. A furious bull, likewise, would have infallibly ruined a farmer by its depredations on his grounds, if the same good man had not reasoned it into a better behaviour; and to such a degree was the beast affected by the philosopher's eloquence, that it made a vow to live wholly upon the alms of good people. Now, strange as these things may appear, they are no *Esopian* flim-flams, but related by authors of profound erudition, and no less veracity: indeed, 'tis but only attending to the extraordinary sanctity of *Pythagoras*, and we shall no more doubt of the truth of them, than

than that *St. Francis*, perceiving a huge fragment of a rock near crushing him, ordered it to remain suspended in the air till he was past by, and accordingly it did; as is certified in respectable legends, and represented in several exquisite pictures. Yet was that eminent personage far inferior in this point to my *Rabbi*, who was skilled in the dialects of all inanimate things: this singular art he had learnt from a *Chinese Bramin*, and as a return to some small civilities, which lay in my way, he was at great pains to make me perfect in his mystery; an invaluable acknowledgement! for which, I hope, he is now in *Abraham's* bosom. The pleasure and improvement I have received from it are beyond expression; it has enabled me to converse with doors, stairs, windows, grottos, arbours, and a thousand other artificial things; whereby, with submission to *Bolingbroke's* universal knowledge of public or private, sacred or profane, history, I should soon pose him. I have an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, known only to myself and the parties concerned, from whom the world must not expect to hear of them.

Thus it was that the ancient sages understood the talk of trees; and for the good of mankind, published their egregious discoveries. Possessed of the same secret, I'll not be behind them in public spirit, only, I could wish that what I heard was more

to the credit of my fellow-creatures; however a display of their follies may shame them into a better behaviour.

* * *

Bless me! it is exceeding strange, that we should be thrown by together in such a place, and under this pitiful worm-eaten elbow-chair, says a woman's cast-off Shoe, to a superannuated Slipper. Both of them had stood their first owner in a round price, as was still to be perceived from some glitter of gold-lace and embroidery on them. The radiancy of their former splendor broke through all the clouds of their present squalid condition; as in a withered beauty, under all the disgrace of grey-hairs and wrinkles, some traces remain to indicate those charms once irresistible, on which time has brought about such mortifying alterations: this was the case of our dialogists, they had figured in assemblies, many a noble youth had envied their station, and now they were----

Aln, dear brother, answered the Slipper, these are trials; but what vicissitudes have I not run through since my first formation; have you indeed, mincingly replied the sympathising Shoe. Oh dear! favour me with an account of them, and I'll tell you the story of mine; methinks to talk of one another's misfortunes, is the only comfort the wretched meet with. There is seldom any need of much intreaty with the un-

unfortunate to enter upon this theme, they are often too forward of themselves to bring up their misfortunes in all companies; and to refuse them the consolation of a patient hearing, with a gesture or two of pity, would be an inhuman austerity. The Shoe had no sooner declared its compassionate desire, that the Slipper would vent its grief, by giving an account of its travels and adventures, when the Slipper, as nothing important should be done or said without reflection, after a pause, began as follows.

* * *

After being cut out by the hand of the shoemaker-general to the court-ladies, and delivered up to his neatest workman, who with bended body, lifted knee, and arms alternately closed and extended, chanting over many amorous ditties, having completed me for an honour suitable to the richness of my substance and the exquisiteness of the work, returned me to the master, who after taking a view of me on all sides, clapt me under his cloak, and carried me himself to a lady of quality, whose delicate feet, I must own, were not unworthy of such a costly covering. It is certain a neater pair of Slippers never came out of a shop, though I say it myself; for still my remains are respectable; my white bottom, and embroidered flowers are not quite undiscernible. Not a single fault did the lady herself find with me; my maker indeed knew he was to wait two

— little years for his payment, but working for ladies, that was nothing unusual to him, — and I was rated accordingly.

Never shall I forget the charming smile of that angelic lady when my father fitted me upon her beautiful feet; it is not improperly that I call this man my father, for whatever share his journeyman had in me, it was he who was the founder of my being, the other only forwarded it; a circumstance which we have in common with most created beings. It was enough that my true father now handled her illustrious feet; my saying true father, I perceive, makes you smile; it is certain that 'tis the journeyman often has the greatest hand in things, and that the sale of them is all the master minds. How many fathers call those children whose only relation to them is, that they go under their name, as many boast of a piece of workmanship which others have performed for them. But this was not the case with my father; I was formed by his own pincers, from his hand I received my admirable shape. I was no sooner fitted on, but I observed my adorable mistress to send forth a sigh which went through her whole body to the tip of her little toe; this no doubt proceeded from an emotion of pleasure which my beauty raised in her. Very well, Mr. *Last*, said she, call to-morrow, you are a little dearish, but you shall have your money; upon

upon which my master, bowed to the very ground and departed. Now came on my panegyric. These are delicate Shoes! the pretty creatures! what a sweet genteel heel! the fringe too is rich, and no glove can fit easier; upon which she rose, and after taking a majestic turn or two, she moved towards her glass, which was not less than three yards in length, and lifting up her fly, for she was in an undress, stretched out her leg sideways with exultation, admired its shape, especially as terminating in a foot so delicately shod. Such were her contemplations; when *Slip-slop*, her waiting maid, hastily bolts in; but my mistress, without giving her time to speak, See, *Slip-slop*, *Last* has brought me my Slippers, charming things! I am so delighted with them, that tomorrow, when I receive my pin-money, he shall have the first of it, that's poz: May it please your ladyship, interrupted *Slip-slop*, the knight is in the next room; the knight! cried the lady, with a sparkle of joy in her eyes, no body more welcome. Not more pleased was my co-father the journeyman, at the jingle of the money paid him by my chief-father, the master, for his formation of me, and with which he did not fail with profuse jolity, to celebrate the festival of St. *Monday*. My sprightly lady tripp'd to the door, and, ceremony amongst friends being misplaced, bid him come in; and seating her-

self on a couch, pointed to him to take his place by her. *Slip-slop* was ordered to bring chocolate, and at length, by a motion of the lady's foot, I got a full sight of the knight: A fine gentleman indeed! every thing that came from him was fraught with wit, fire and spirit. But a message came from her lord, that if she was stirring, he would drink chocolate with her; this seemed a thunder-clap to the knight, he stopped short in his career; but the inventive lady's answer brought the poor man to himself, I really pitied him: Tell him, said she, that I am at prayers. Bless me, thought I, the husband is not to be admitted to his wife, that wife whose high taste had already turned lands into gold, that wife on whose beauty he doated with unlimited passion. But I found it was a decisive answer, there was no coming without leave. The knight was now in high spirits, grew wanton in praise of her presence of mind; bestowed a pompous flow of words on her foot, and concluded with begging the honour of kissing me, in token of his profound respect; he did, but not with that cold prostration usually paid to his holiness's slipper; I was made to meet him half-way, when he clasp'd and kiss'd me

*With the same eagerness and life,
As did Jove Amphitrion's wife.*

So profound indeed was his respect, that
from

from one freedom he successively proceeded to the last ; it was the *pignus direptum male pertinaci* to perfection. Turning round to seat himself, his boot-sleeve swept off a cup, and, what trifles give a turn to the fate of us poor creatures ! my companion happened to be a little sprinkled with the chocolate ; the knight begged a thousand pardons ; which were answered with a laugh, and a ring of the bell for *Slip-slop* ; other slippers, *Blowze*, these are yours. Away she flew to the wardrobe, aping the alacrity of her ladyship to meet the knight ; Yes, yes, interrupted the Shoe, those hussies get all their mistress's ways. *Slip-slop* was back in an instant, put on the others, a little water having so restored our complection, that nothing of a stain was to be seen ; poor I was locked up in a trunk, yet, I must own, with very creditable company, and above us hung petticoats of all kinds, pateliers, demi-robcs, jackets, stays, sacs, masquerade habits, all the gifts of the same liberal hand. Lord ! should I tell you all the train of their gabblings there would be no end, though some were really quite comical. *Slip-slop*, I suppose, had one day a mind to make a *flash* ; on went the best petticoats, silk-stockings, then me. It was extremely against the grain, in my full brilliancy, to be put on a servant's foot.

And if great things we may with small compare,

I don't

I don't believe that *Roman* emperor, who being taken prisoner by a brute of a king, was made his block to tread on when he mounted his horse, felt more indignation at his debasement than I did at first; though, when I found her proceeding to a full dress, my agonies abated, and the idea of liberty, and seeing the world, perfectly reconciled me to my degradation. But on she lugged me, and after three hours combing, fitting, doing and undoing, (I must do her the justice to say there was no paint in the case, her affectation of the fine lady did not tempt her so far) my new owner made her appearance in the room where the secretary, steward, groom of the chambers, and miss were to dine; lord and lady were on a visit. The running-footman had the face to offer to sit down with them, but with a volley of oaths was desired to take himself away. Who should the next intruder be but that great officer the table-decker? who, with the like preamble, was told to know his distance. I was not long without some diversion: first, I was made to strike the secretary's foot, then to give a tap to the gentleman's leg, and to the steward I gave a sensible kick a little higher. All these prettinesses were returned; but the steward's thick campaigns made the greatest impression on me, and from a restrained sigh, I concluded on *Slip-Slop* also; as for Mr. secretary's paper-soled shoes I only felt

felt them. Playfulness is the natural effect of good cheer, and the company were for a game at romps with my mistress, who, like an expert general, made a retreat to her bed-chamber to draw the enemy into an ambuscade; but just as the victory was declaring itself in her favour, and the eager steward had run into the snare, the rattling of the chariot, and blaze of flambeaux, declared my lord and lady's arrival, and obliged her to quit her hold of the enemy, that the disorders which the certainty of a complete triumph had caused in her face might subside. The trepanned steward himself sneaked down stairs, I suppose with no less reluctance than marshal *Tallard* left *England*, where he had spent his time so joyously among the nobility of that kingdom, and is said; by his intrigues, to have done his master more service than he could at the head of his army *. The next day I was

* This nobleman commanded the *French* army at the battle of *Blenheim* in 1704, where he was taken prisoner by a *German* officer. His first compliment to the duke of *Marlborough* was, *Your grace has the honour of beating the finest army that ever took the field.* To which the duke answered, *Your excellency will except that which beat it.* At an entertainment given him by the duke of *Portland*, the marshal saying, *No bird comes up to an ortalan, and I think England affords none,* an express was sent to *Flanders*, and within a few days after that nobleman was regaled with a dish of ortalans. He acknowledged the great compliment, but added, that it checked the freedom of conversation. He was so charmed with *Chatsworth*, and his reception there, that

was to be put on again, when in comes my young mistress's sister ; it seems I immediately took her eye, her first compliment being, So, methinks, you are mighty fine about the heels. So, thought I, I am to shift hands again. I suppose the next word will

that he told its noble owner, *He should not reckon the three Chatsworth days among those of his captivity.* What this intelligent slipper hints of his intrigues, is not improbable. Prince Eugene, whenever he saw the officer who took him, saying, *There's a man who has done a deal of mischief ;* and to himself, *You thought to have done a notable stroke, but it has turned out quite otherwise.* Besides, it is well known, that the marshal adapted himself to the *English* way of living ; in allusion to which *Durfey*, the lyric, in his famous song, *Ye commons and peers*, says,

*We'll let Tallard out,
If he'll take t'other bout,
Tho' much he's improv'd let me tell ye,
With Nottingham ale,
At every meal,
And good beef and pudding in's belly.*

The reader will excuse me if I lengthen this note with the lines in the *Campaign* on the marshal's misfortune.

*Unfortunate Tallard ! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd ;
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept !
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd, thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate and chance of war :
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The well-fought field by such great leaders won.*

be, you may spare them me, as you have store of such things ; but again, I imagined myself too fine that she would be funned out of me. There was no need of being so plain ; my mistress, a perfect child of nature, very free of favors of all kinds, answered, if you think them so fine, sister, they are at your service ; so said, so done, I was delivered up, and my new mistress, after some chat, enough to give a dog the spleen, returned to her carriage, and, which surprised me, calling out aloud to her sister, Mind God and your lady, drove away. I soon perceived myself to be out of town, and my owner being impatient to take a full view of her acquisition, pulled me out ; the noble spirited Lady ! would it were my fate to be in such a service, I'd bring gift enough to my mill. Such gorgeous slippers ! well, the lot is fallen to my sister in a good land ; but that her lady should throw by such a new pair, and sure the minx had not the vanity to buy them out of her own pocket ? possibly they may come from his Excellency. I'll warrant ye that he knows a ribbon will go farther with our weak sex than a crown ; well, lightly come, lightly go. But here's the devil on't, whether this puritanical husband of mine will allow me to wear such vain things. The schoolmaster's wife, I am sure, won't be able to stand them ; that en-
vious

vious hag will look as the devil does o'er *Lincoln*. This soliloquy gave me to understand that I was fallen into the hands of a limb of the church : but now we are entering the village ; upon which my new owner broke off her soliloquy, and in an instant, such a perfect command had she over her muscles, that, instead of a smiling self-complacency, an imperious gravity overspread her visage, of itself not the most amiable ; so the youthful heir, giddy on a sudden accretion of wealth, with important stare, and solemn strut, looks down on the industrious community : or thus the feathered captain stalks among the awed soldiers, from whom he squeezes oppressive contributions to support his pride and luxury.

As we passed along, low bows and courties on each side, which my mistress returned with the stateliness of a jailer, to the morning salutations of the wretches under his custody. These ecclesiasticks are a queer set of folks, brother Shoe, I know them thoroughly, and can't talk of them with patience. *Germany* is pestered with three religions ; *Lutheranism*, *Calvinism* and *Catholicism* : Now I have it from very good authority, that the Lutheran priests at *Hamburg*, carry it with such a high hand that the government dare not take a step of any importance without their consent ;

sent *; they are dictators to private families; and what is most abominable, they never grant absolution, but there must be a piece of money, or without it no communion; so that a poor labourer with his wife and children, if of age to go to the sacrament, must part with a large share of a week's scanty earnings; and it is not uncommon for a person in low circumstances, tho' not a beggar, *ex officio*, to beg an alms towards raising a fee for confession in order to communicate. Then there are your Calvinists at *Bremen*, whom upon the same good grounds, I may conclude to be a set of gloomy starched mortals, abroad they so extravagantly over-act the part of sanctification, as betrays their hypocrisy through the mask; to a coffee-house or tavern they would not go for the world, but are very frequent in their *visits of charity*, as they call them to the women, who keep something good by them; and here their conversation generally begins with hums! and ha's! frequently preambles to a nonsensical prayer; and at these assemblies

* These busy-bodies seem a counter-part of those who occasioned the following lines in *Hudibras*.

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That grace is founded in dominion,
Great piety consists in pride,
To rule is to be sanctify'd;
To domineer and to control,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline,
Of church-rule, and by right divine.

Hud:
they

they are pampered like crammed capons by their credulous devotees, and canary and sherry they'll tipple till the liquor works too potently for their hypocrisy, and shews them in their proper ridiculous colours; then how finely helped with pastors the catholic's are, may be guessed at from the following rhyme so often in their own mouths,

*Where soldiers do as they think fit,
Where folks t'intriguing priests submit,
Where wives o'er men the breeches wear,
The devil with all his imps is there!*

In the name of goodness, have done with such long winded invectives against the priests, interrupted the Shoe, if you was a priest you'd be a rare one I suppose. For my part, I know as much of the world as yourself, and it seems to me that the principles, tempers and carriage of mortals, are not a little influenced by their station of life, and the company they frequent. Pray have you been *semper eadem* in all your changes and chances. Though *one swallow does not make a summer*, can you, with all your very good authority, produce me a character more respectable, more endearing than the following of a priest*.

* I thought the sense of the original could not be better delivered, than in the following lines from our *Dryden*, and I persuade myself to most readers they will be new, the *Congreve's*, *Pope's*, *Addison's*, *Young's*, *Prior's*, &c. and other subsequent geniuses having rendered that poet something obsolete.

*A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
 An awful, rev'rend, and religious man,
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor,
 As God had cloath'd his own ambassador.
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence:
 Nothing reserv'd, or sullen was to see,
 But aspect sweet, and pleasing sanctity:
 Mild was his accent, but his action free. }
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd,
 Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher
 charm'd.
 He bore his great commission in his look:
 But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all
 he spoke.
 He taught the gospel, rather than the law,
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to
 draw;
 For fear but freezes minds; but love, like
 heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native
 seat.
 The tythes his parish freely paid, he took;
 But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book,
 Yet of his little, he had some to spare;
 To feed the famish'd, and to cloath the bare.
 And still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd.*

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He duly watch'd his flock, both night and
 day ;
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the
 prey,
 But hungry sent the wily fox away.---
 The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd,
 Nor to reprove the rich offender fear'd :
 His preaching much, but more his practice
 wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught)
 Thus all might see the doctrine which they
 heard:-----
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the
 rest,
 The gold of heav'n who bear the God imprest :
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
 With what he beg'd, his brethren he reliev'd,
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd :
 Gave while he taught, and edify'd the more ;
 Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas easy to be
 poor.

I think I have given you some breathing
 time, please to proceed : --We arrived at the
 parsonage ; the good man, her yoke-mate,
 was standing at the door waiting her coming,
 and himself help'd the precious armful out
 of her vehicle, and led her in. So my dear,
 I see you are not come home empty handed,
 says he ; may I take the liberty to see what
 you have so carefully tied up in your handker-
 chief?

chief? A trifle of a present, was her answer. A trifle! thought I, but the best flower I believe in your garland; there it is if you have a mind to see it, I see, replied he,

*Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching,*

This, sweetheart, comes from vanity-fair, I wish you could withdraw your heart from the follies of the world, and exchange shew and amusements for the exalted pleasures of recollection, and self-denial. A very conjugal welcome truly! if I am as fine as your neighbours, is it not for your credit; so leaving the room, she hurried me away to her chest, where I was shut up with several others of our species; I found my companions had been in a warm altercation, which was the mistress's favourite, one was the Sunday shoes, another had been worn all the fair, another had been at several christnings, but whatever their pretensions were, my appearance lower'd their crests, and out of spite to each other they all agreed, that I should bear the bell. A genteel pair of Slippers, and no less good tempered than pretty, without the least envy of my pre-eminence, desired an intimacy with me, from her it was, that I was let into the state and œconomy of the family; whatever my master might have been formally, said one, he is now an inexplicable humorist,

humorist, yet, submissive to abjection, their marriage at best is but,

*Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.*

And what short intervals of harmony it has, are the purchase of his passive obedience. Our mistress is indeed an arrant termagant, I don't know one good quality she is possessed of, her person withal so forbidding, that one would wonder how the poor devil came to make such a choice. Once I remember in one of her tempestuous hours,

*When she began to rage and burn as,
Implacably as flame in furnace.* HUD.

I was made the weapon of her wrath, and imprinted on the forehead of her pusillanimous husband, the marks of her arm, invigorated by fury. I must own 'tis not without a secret pleasure I recall this, as I love spirit in the sex whom I serve; and this was the only act of heroism in which it has been my fortune to be concern'd; however, my stay here was not to be long, one night we were alarmed with a cry, *bussars, bussars*, and listning, we heard, our mistress, and a gruffish kind of voice discoursing most amicably together; at last the woman called out, *husband, let the honest men have a couple of*

of loaves, some bacon, butter and cheese, and afterwards, brought the other person into our chamber, where was also the marriage-bed, a deal of hasty whispering passed between them; however, I plainly heard, *As for the waggon with its horses, and booty, let who will have it*; then a person with a shrill voice approaching our mansion and beginning to break it open, set us all a shuddering, she fell to rummageing, and among other things huddled up us and my two comrades. Now was heard an alarm of several voices, then followed a cry of *The enemy are in sight, the enemy, here's the enemy*: Upon which our spoilers made off with the greatest precipitancy, and I never had sight of my ghostly mistress again. I am sure we had not travelled above an hour with our new owner, who I cannot but conclude, to speak plainly, must have been a trull of a captain of hussars, as they all followed her, and spoke to her cap in hand; I say we had hardly been an hour on the way, when suddenly our waggon was surrounded, and after some bustle of firing and flashing, forsaken: So true it is, that ill-gotten goods seldom prosper; out came every thing, and I and my comrades were laid hold of by a fierce looked fellow, who tossed us to a woman on horseback, saying, catch, wife, there is something: This amazon tied us two and two at her holsters, and then she put on,

but struck into a wood, whither she was followed by a young country fellow, who persuaded her to alight; they grew extremely familiar for new acquaintance, and he shewed her a by-way into the town: We were no sooner within the gates, than our martial mistress, seeing a genteel kind of a lass, bellow'd out to her, holding me up: *Miss, will you buy these, they are a bargain? 20 pence for the two pair.* The purse was opened with a smile at me, who also was over-joyed to be out of such a creature's gripe. Us she kept, the other pair, she dutifully offered to her mother, except the little fib that they had cost her what she had us all for. Her father was an honest industrious tradesman, and as such the more obnoxious to the wretchedness of the third line in the rhyme on the popish priest. On the ensuing funday, I made my public appearance; but good God! had you heard the gybes and flouts of the tradesmen's daughters at the sight of me. Hey-day! says *Patty*, there's a fight; O rare Slippers! Ay, ay, answers *Katherine*, it is well if they were honestly come-by: God forbid! cries *Judith*, that I should give what they cost. Was *Scheverin's* regiment lately for that here? adds *Barbara*, with a sneer; whilst my fair owner moved along the envying street, herself not less inflated with pride, and both passions arose from my dear self, I was at that time little the worse for wearing.

wearing. It happened that *Amelia*, the name of my young mistress, received an invitation to be at a dancing-bout; there was such handling and admiring me, for my part I was quite surfeited with praises, and no less tired with jigging. The spark who waited on her home, among many other sublime affections of his love, often wished himself transformed into her charming Slippers, indeed he had richly deserved to be trodden under feet, for the freedom he used to make her sensible of his passion, but she could not find in her gentle heart to aggravate any sufferings which was in her power to relieve; and all the punishment she inflicted on him, was a kiss. The time I was with this young romp, I may call the holidays of my life,

-----*Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and
laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masking.*

but I soon experienced,

*That tho' dame Fortune seems to smile,
And leer upon us, for a while,
She'll after shew us in the nick
Of all our pleasures, a dog's-trick.*

For, in the midst of my security, comes a
C 4 fellow

fellow with a dark lanthorn and cleared the trunk of every thing ; and by this vile thief was I transferred to a *Jew*, who being a person of great diligence in his calling, that same night carried me out of town, and the next day made a good penny of me to a counsellor's lady ; a very singular person, devout, affable, and liberal, of irreproachable fidelity to her husband, though of a person to excite sollicitations. I was on her feet but a few days before she disposed of me to a niece of hers, who acted in the quality of house-keeper. Without vanity be it said, I never thought myself on a foot which deserved me till I came into this lady's service. I have often heard the niece, though the very reverse of her, speak highly in her praise : it seems very odd, and yet almost the whole world is an instance of it, that the wicked see the beauty of virtue, and cannot withhold their commendations of it, and yet turn their backs upon it in practice. If the lady had a just and elevated cast of mind, that of the niece was as ~~groveling~~ and frivolous ; ribbons, ear-rings, neck-laces, head-dresses, stomachers, and all the train of female implements continually circulated in her imagination, whilst her heart was agitated with ideas of a score of lovers. When the lady was abroad, miss either gaped away the time at the window, or killed it in reading the fair *Tyroleze*, instead of the many excellent books in

in her aunt's library. At length I became the reward of a kind of go-between, who brought her a billet-doux ; a good riddance, thought I : for though here was no fatigue, I could not away with her behaviour ; a *Spanish* pointer to a sportsman could not be a more acceptable present than I was to this motherly gentlewoman ; she immediately lent me to one of her female boarders, of whom I found the house full. She received me with many compliments and curtesies to the donor : but I was surprised at the variety of visitants whom my young mistress admitted ; to-day a flaunting officer, to-morrow a valet ; sometimes to a counsellor succeeded a journeyman, and equal fondness shewn to all ; tho' the particular lord of the ascendant was a gentleman's steward. One night she favoured him with her company to the opera, in full dress, and as nice as pins could make her, then you may be sure we were on ; she happened to be seated between two mercurial lasses in shoes : one of which, as we were cheek by jowl, whispered to me that her incomparable mistress was somebody, and that one of the fingers was dying for love of her ; the other gave me to know, that the irresistible beauty of the lady she had the honour of serving, had inflamed a staid elderly gentleman, whose pockets were well lined, and who she could swear was now smickering at her from the pit. It has been the observation of many
pages,

sages, that the end of mirth is sorrow ; after the play my miss's gallant attended to wait on her home, but a heavy rain had come on, so that the streets were a perfect mire * ; and whilst the amorous couple were hastening home, we stuck in the mud, and were trodden under foot by the crowd, and tho' my mistress cried, and the steward blustered, she saw no more of me, and was obliged to trudge on in her white stockings. A footman, however, treading carefully along, happening, by the glare of his flambeau, to espy me, though in a sad pickle, took us up, and having brought us to look something like, after such an ugly disaster, we were offered at the shrine of the chambermaid, unworthy of such a valuable present ; for after once gratifying her vanity in wearing us to a christening of her sister's, she mercenarily offered me to sale to her mistress ! How was I overwhelmed with amazement to find this mistress no other person than my second owner, Mrs. *Slip-slop* the chamber-maid. She readily knew us again, but I shan't trouble you with the examination

* By this, the place of miss's residence seems to be in no better condition than the king of *Prussia*, in his *Memoirs of Brandenburg* represents that of *Berlin*, before the industry of the *French* refugees drew opulence thither, and consequently improvements and decorations: The streets without any pavement, and, as a specimen of the dirtiness of them makes use of a pleasant imagery, that the courtiers were obliged to go to court in stilts.

the maid underwent. What is our being but a round of changes, and some most surprising. This creature had found means, dear ones no doubt, to get a favourite sweetheart of hers discharged from the regiment, in which he carried a brown musket, and set up this inn.

When any travellers lay here, whose rank or inclinations required her attendance on them, we were sure to be put on ; so that you may conclude my acquaintance must be pretty large, and among the better sort. I am also no stranger to the judge of the village, and the steward of the Count's estate ; but being now upon my last legs, I am only slipt on at night when she goes to bed. Her husband is now on a journey, and she is above with a fine dressed gentleman, who stays here all night, I know it is some such thing, by my not having been called for ; my successors are sufficiently showy, but nothing near so genteel as I remember myself : and though my lower parts fail, and time has made several chinks in me, yet am I still,

-----*Spectabilis crepis*

Et veteris retinens etiamnum pignora formas.

Such has been my passage through this variable world ; all I expect now, and I expect it with resignation, is to be thrown into the highway, or on the dunghill ; and there,
after

after being admired by lovers, kissed by a knight, and envied by all my fellow-creatures, to moulder away to the last shred. Alas, answered the compassionate Shoe, the same ignoble end waits me also; every one's misfortune seems hardest to themselves, but if you will hear my story, I am inclined to think, dear brother, that you will own I have had as hard a time of it as yourself. Oh, by all means let me hear it, and the present time is the best, for God knows how long we may be together, thrown by as I am, my dissolution must be near at hand---But here's the postilion, I must break off, and under my present anxiety you may take this letter for no small favour. If in my return I should hear the history of the Shoe, as I shall bait here on purpose, I shall communicate it to you; yet I must add this proviso, that is, if my present journey turns out well; otherwise, I shall have other things to think on than Shoes and Slippers, and may have occasion to put your friendship to a substantial trial: having consulted your entertainment in my prosperity, I have a kind of demand upon your assistance in my adversity, however, this I know, that I am in the right, and so farewell, for my postilion is growling. Believe me

Your very humble servant.

T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF A
LADY'S SHOES, &c.

My worthy Friend,



LL is well, and I am most cheer-
fully disposed to perform my pro-
mise, of sending you the history of
the Lady's Shoes, which you will
find to have no less of the entertaining and
marvellous.

The place which may boast of her for-
mation is unknown, it never once occurred
in her narrative, possibly this important point
may be discovered by some sagacious genius
who shall favour the public with a key to it,
or by some philosopher who shall be pleased
to bestow a dissertation for elucidating any
apparent difficulties, which may stick with
those who circumscribe the powers of nature
within very narrow limits ; such an elaborate
piece would give me the highest satisfaction ;
for if performed with that humanity and
inge-

ingenuousness which should ever accompany knowledge, I shall be exhibited, beyond reply, in a most advantageous light, both as a writer and a friend to mankind. Oh for a commentator thus good-natured, thus discerning, to baffle malice and silence obloquy ! for when once a thing has made its way to the public through the press, every one thinks his money gives him a title to judge, his sagacity and candor is unquestionable ; and some envious incendiaries, I am aware, will go about to persuade people that this is all a device of mine, that through a fabulous vehicle I disseminate real scandal, which may affect the harmony of society, and create a general surmise, that one neighbour makes it his business to ridicule another. There is no piece of itself so innocent which envy will not construe into defamation, no circumspection of behaviour which its malignant acuteness will not find a way to brand with detraction or profaneness. The malice of envy is agreeably illustrated by the celebrated *Voltaire* in his *Envious Man*, the story of which not being in *German*, I give you by way of preamble. “ The envious man went to see *Zadig* (a person of quality, of great virtues and accomplishments) who was walking in his gardens with two friends and a lady, to whom he said many gallant things without any other intention beside that of saying them ;

them; the conversation turned on a war the king had just happily concluded, against the prince of *Hircania* his vassal. *Zadig*, who had signalized his courage in this short war, bestowed great praises on the king, but greater still on the lady; and taking his pocket-book, instantly wrote four lines, which he gave to this beautiful person to read. His friends desired him to let them see them; but modesty, or rather a just degree of self-love prevented him; for he knew that extemporary verses are never good, except in the opinion of those in honour of whom they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had been writing, and threw both pieces into a thicket of roses, where his friends sought for them in vain. A small rain falling presently after, they returned to the house. The envious man, who staid in the garden, sought till he found a piece of the leaf; it had been torn in such a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete sense, and even a verse in a very short measure; but by a chance still more strange, these lines were found to contain the most injurious reproaches against the king. They run thus:

*By crimes of blackest dye,
He's of the throne possess'd,
To peace and liberty,
The enemy profess'd.*

The

The envious man was happy, for the first time in his life, for he had in his hands the means of destroying a noble personage. Filled with a cruel joy, he caused this satire, wrote by the hand of *Zadig*, to reach the king, and the author was put in prison, together with the lady, and his two friends. His trial was soon over, his own writing was an evidence against him. When he came to receive his sentence, the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him aloud; that his verses were pitiful. *Zadig* was little displeased at being called a bad poet, but he was in despair at being condemned as guilty of high treason, and that a beautiful lady, and two of his friends, were detained in prison for a crime of which they were entirely innocent. In the interval betwixt the sentence and execution, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a rose-bush in *Zadig's* garden: A peach had fortunately dropt on the other piece of the written leaf and stuck to it, so both fruit and paper were carried away by the bird, which alighted on the monarch's knee. He took the bit of paper, and read the words; tho' they formed no meaning, the manner of their being brought to him, gave him some uneasiness; the queen, who remembered what had been written on the other piece of *Zadig's* pocket-book, ordered it to be brought, they compared the two pieces together, which

which perfectly fitting each other, the verses were read as they came from *Zadig's* pencil.

*By crimes of blackest dye, I've seen the earth
made hell;*

*He's of the throne possesst, who all their power
can quell;*

*To peace and liberty, love now's the only foe,
The enemy profess of mortals here below.*

The king immediately ordered *Zadig* to be brought before him, his two friends and the lady, to be released; and all the envious man's estate to be given to *Zadig* *. As
to

* The good-natured reader will not be displeased with the following real disappointment of envy, and the judicious description of it, in the *German-Spy*, as translated from *Lucian*.

Apelles was accused by *Antiphilus*, a zealous dauber in painting, of having conspired against king *Ptolemy*, and among other treacheries, of having been the occasion of the defection of the city of *Tyrus*. *Ptolemy* gave ear to this accusation, and without the least examination into the merits of it, was about to put him to death, as a traitor and rebel. Happily for *Apelles*, his innocence appeared by self-confession of one of the conspirators: and the king so far repented of the injury done him, that he not only sent him a present of a hundred talents for satisfaction, but the accuser, to be punished according to his will and pleasure. *Apelles*, notwithstanding the atrociousness of the fact, did not seek to gratify his revenge on the person of his enemy, but on the crime which had brought him into such danger of his life.

He painted Credulity in the form of *Midas*, with his asses ears, sitting in an elbow-chair with Ignorance and Suspicion on either side of him. He offer'd his right-hand to Detraction, who seem'd to approach him. The complexion of the
D latter

to the charge of fabulousness, I might, for my justification, recur to the celebrated oracular basons and oaks of *Dodona*, concerning which, the Delphin commentator, in his note to the 466 line, lib. 2. of the *Æneid*, says, *Fuit autem Dodona lucus in Epiro Jovis oraculo & quercu fatidica celebris*; and *Petrus Orinitus* in his *Honestæ disciplina*. *Legendi sunt græci autores, qui morem fuisse referunt, uti vaticinantes mulieres ad quercum agerent, quæ in urbe Dodona erat. Qui vero ad capiendum responsum ingrederentur protinus moveri quercum ac sonitum fieri credebant. Ibi enim statua visebatur virgam ferens qua lebetem qui prope aderat, percutiebat: ex quo responsum moderatis icibus pelves referebant. Unde proverbium Dodonæum æs in loquaces.* Excuse this scholastic parade; but I shall relate a fact recent in comparison of the *Dodonian*, and which happened in our own country, and not in a little obscure village but a large

latter was of a fiery red, notwithstanding which, her face was engaging and agreeable. In her left-hand, she held a burning torch, and with her right she dragged, by the hair of his head a youth, who, stretching his hands towards heaven, seem'd to implore the divine assistance. Before her, march'd Envy, in the form of a man, macerated with a tedious sickness, of a pale complexion, with squinting frightful eyes. She was followed by Deceit and Dissimulation, who endeavour'd, to the utmost of their power, to excite and encourage Detraction, and to adorn her in the best manner they could: These were followed by Repentance, whose tatter'd robe, was cover'd with a veil of black-crape. She turn'd her face continually towards the image of Truth; but she and Sorrow would not suffer her to open her eyes, which seem'd ready to burst with tears.

celebrated

celebrated city. Is there then, I say, any thing in my narrative, so extremely beyond the story in a letter which the famous *Ornithologist, Gesner*, would not have inserted in his works, had he not given credit to it, and of which the writer appears to be a person not very easy of belief. The substance of the letter is thus,

“ I here send you an instance, of a conversation, which, tho’ perhaps it may seem wonderful, or even incredible unto you, is yet true, for with my own ears I heard it. Lodging once at the Crown-Inn, at *Ratisbonne*, and kept awake by that excruciating disease the stone, about midnight, one of the nightingales, which hung in the chamber, began to enounce regular words, this astonish’d me to such a degree, as to suspend all sense of my pain, the first was soon answer’d pertinently by another, and I affirm, that I heard these two birds prattle together distinctly and regularly; their voice indeed was not without something of the squeak, but you will say, what did their conversation turn upon? A good part of their first night’s entertainment was about a quarrel, and other pranks, betwixt a servant of the house, and his wife, and here the little rogues were now and then indelicate in their expressions; this insensibly led them into a very different kind of conversation, and

“ I’ll assure you, many politicians, who would
 “ be thought oracles, do not talk more to
 “ the purpose than they ; their discourse was
 “ of the religious wars which were then
 “ breaking out in *Germany* : but they
 “ were of different opinions, and had their
 “ several facts and arguments in support of
 “ their sentiments. I am far from imputing
 “ this to a natural knowledge and discern-
 “ ment ; no, I conclude it to be a kind
 “ of repetition of what they had heard
 “ in the table-talk of companies drinking
 “ in the room where they hung.---Now
 “ mind what follows, as it shews the writer
 “ would not swallow every story---I now
 “ beg *Pliny*’s pardon, for till this wonder-
 “ ful scene which I saw with my eyes, and
 “ heard with my ears, I looked upon three
 “ fourths of what he relates of nightingales,
 “ to be what he should not have sullied his
 “ stile with.”

That no sinister doubt may be left on the
 mind of the favourable reader, I shall ac-
 quaint him how I came by the *History of the*
Shoes, which was upon being told when I
 went away. It is an agreed point among
 the learned, that the night is the season, of
 what some are pleased to call, supernatural
 colloquy ; where one ghost has chose the
 day time to impart its secrets, there are
 twenty instances of those who have paid only
 nocturnal

nocturnal visits*. Whether for privacy or to add a solemnity to their appearance, or that

* This opinion is confirmed by our judicious *Shakespear*, who makes *Horatio* spake the following lines, relating to the Ghost in *Hamlet*,

*It was about to speak, when the cock crew,
And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons: I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,—
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air;
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.*

And the Ghost itself says,

——— *But soft, methinks I smell the morning air,
Brief let me be.*

And afterwards,

Fare thee well at once.

*The glow-worm shows the morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale, his evanescent fire,*

The philosophic *Cowley* likewise, in his Ode on *Brutus*, says, (*Plutarch* gives the same account, only makes the apparition of *Julius Cæsar*.)

*Ill-fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself i' th' terrors of the night;
I'll meet thee at Phillippi, said the spright.*

Ill-fate, or *Cæsar*, did not know all the magnanimity of *Brutus*, he was not to be so easily frightened. For continues the poet,

*I'll meet thee there, said'st thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the shudd'ring ghost to hasty flight.*

I am aware that *Cromwell's* contract with the devil before *Worcester* fight may be objected to, as a transaction in broad day-light; but besides that, the whole story is disbelieved by all the whig-party universally, the prince of the power of the air, may be reasonably supposed above those laws by which inferior spirits are tied down. The original narrative of this interview betwixt those two eminent persons is to be seen, page 691. vol. 2. of *Echard's* history of *England*.

the mind divested of the sollicitudes and passions of the bustling day, is better disposed for other impressions, I shall not determine. Now, at my departure, the moon was up so as to afford a travelling light; the dawn began to appear, which broke off their confabulation. The affair I was upon requiring the utmost dispatch, I successfully finished it, so as by night to be back and seated in my chair of intelligence. And thus it was that I came to over-hear the adventures of the shoes.

After some tattle about the intrigues of servants, behaviour of guests, and the alteration of fashions. You forget, brother shoe, says the Slipper, your promise of the story of your adventures; and as we were interrupted by the approach of day, be so kind as to begin, and to re-assume them from the beginning. The shoe readily complied, and began as follows. The whole town did not afford a neater work-woman, nor a prettier girl, than she, whose delicate hand, performed the needle-work of me,--especially she had not her equal for cross-stitch--and she made her boasts with the lasses of her acquaintance, that she had never done any thing neater, and with so much expedition. I am sure, says she, they cost me many a prick'd finger, and broken needle: Ay, said they, some have certainly a quicker way of working than others; to be sure they must be designed for some bride, but it is well, when the honey-month is over,
if

if mourning-shoes would not become her better; *marry in haste, and repent at leisure*. Whilst she was at work upon us, her tongue moved as nimbly as her fingers, with hymns, and love-songs, stories, jests, and all the effusions of female prating. The silken flowers, beautifully variegated on an *Isabella* ground-lace and the effulgency of spangles, joined to render me worthy to figure in the splendid circle. Not the least bit of canvas, on which I was worked, was to be seen; in all things, a fair outside you know is the main concern. This neat girl, delivered us up to a tip-top shoe-maker, who was so pleased with my slighty appearance, that he put no less than a Crown into her hand; and determined to exert all his crispinian skill, that my other parts might be answerable; I was finished by his own hand, no journeyman put a stitch in me; his wife who was very pretty, and in her bloom, was called to admire me, and the loving couple turned me about and viewed me with no less joy, and pride, than a new author does some fresh product of his brain; reading it over and over, and smiling and laughing at what will cause the purchasing bookseller to sigh and frown. Our master having thus gratified his vanity, hastened away with us to the lady by whom we had been bespoke, and after a salutation, delivered with a bow to the very floor, he took us from under his arm; I felt his throbbing heart

heart dilating itself, with ideas of high commendations of his workmanship, and possibly of handsome payment: he himself drew us on upon the good lady's feet, stroaking us over and over so gently and tenderly, that nothing amiss could be seen, in fitness, shape, fancy and richness; I was complete, and his expectations were answered, for the gracious lady, not only praised us exceedingly, but immediately gave him his own price. After repeated recommendations of himself to the lady's service he left the room, with as much joy and conceit, more is impossible, than the student does the university-hall, at the taking a fresh degree. Soon after, my lady's husband came in, and she met him with a most amiable cheerfulness. We were shown to him; he passed a short compliment on us, as from a man, I think no more could in reason be expected, and accordingly the lady, with a look of joy, throwing her arms round his neck, answered, You are so good my dear---This lady, was softness itself, perpetual smiles dwelt in her looks, the emblem of an affable cheerfulness; a cheerfulness which betrayed her into excesses, as too many, for want of attention, from reservedness swell into pride.

*But sure some medium lies,
Between the very fool, and very wise,
Some decrous point in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues and our vices bound.*

Her

Her only failing to unexperienc'd me, seemed a want of a proper reserve, which laid her open to reflections, but as false, I thought, as ever were broached in hell. Likewise some mens Shoes were for instilling into us a notion that her husband, with all his fair outside, played loose with her ; but like master like man, and so like wearers like shoes ; for being daily in company with men, they imbibe the ways of men ; and if a woman talks a little freely with a man, and mingles a few smiles with her discourse, to be sure she has a design upon his carcass ; but when they take upon them to proceed accordingly, and find themselves in the wrong ; then, mad at the disappointment, no names are bad enough for the whole sex ; then it is,

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman.

*Curse on their maskings, who can guess
At women by appearances ;
That paint and patch their imperfections,
Of intellectual complexions ;
And daub their tempers o'er with washes,
As artificial as their faces.* HUD.

But afterwards, observing this ever-smiling lady, to be at least no less fond of pretty Faddle, her lap-dog, I was an eye-witness of her levity, to give it the softest name ; such toyings, such dalliances, such endearments,

ments, I may say such indecencies, I have seen those beautiful lips, which made the mouth of many a fine gentleman water, applied with extasy to the snout of that brute; so true it is, that in all of us there is an if or a but.

The heav'ns have clouds, and spots are in the moon,

A faultless virtue's to be found in none.

So deep-rooted was this misplaced fondness in her, that she could hardly prevail upon herself to bestow the dear *Faddle's* bed-cloaths for the new-born infant of a former chamber-maid of hers, and nothing brought her to it, but the thoughts they were not good enough for her favorite. Some time after our lady's sister paid us a visit, and was extremely taken with us, as who indeed that had eyes could not be, at that time. My dearest child, said our lady, the Shoes will be quite lost upon you, your house and garden, and the fields, are your only walks, and the Shoes were made for other sort of places; from this I noticed, that the lady who had such a mind to us lived in the country, and not putting up with her sister's answer, we were made a present of to her; she was impatient to be at home to shew us to her chambermaid, who blessed herself at the sight of us: the prettiest sweetest Shoes, miss,

miss, that ever were seen.---Brother Shoe, interrupted the Slipper, permit me to remind you of a *Spanish* proverb, *He who praises himself speaks ill of the best friend he has.*--- Thank ye for an advice I should have given you. The wanton young thing immediately put us on, and then measured her room three or four times with the steps of a *Madrid* bully, and the pride of a young wench preferred to the title of Madam, having drawn into the noose the good man her master, and with a gesture no less imperious than the haughty count uses to his vassals : but miss advancing to survey herself in the glass, this brought the poor thing again to her senses, by a hideous sight of innumerable freckles, but she flew to a case of small bottles, and by the help of a cosmetic washed them away in a trice. It was not long before we attended our mistress to a masked ridotto, but could not help thinking we were something out of character for the habit of a milk-maid. The *Harlequins* and *Scapins* swarmed about her, swearing, laughing, and flirting ; but a clown of a schoolmaster, with grim visage and drawling tone, said to her, *Clumsilis*, how often have I told you to turn your toes out? why, you walk for all the world like the parson's goose. The poor girl went through a thousand such gybes ; she loved the world, was for giving into all its modes and

and entertainments, but had not been brought up in them. A black *Domino* offered her his hand to dance ; she declining it, he imputed it to her vexation, and urged, Oh, miss, never mind such ill-natured creatures, I'd dance if it were but in defiance of them. She then was so open-hearted as to tell him that we pinched her so dreadfully (I am sure we knew nothing of the matter) that she had much ado to crimple along. Upon which the spark offered to wait on her into a by-room, where she might change us. As a girl yet ignorant of herself, is, by the artifices of her ambitious parents, inveigled into the unnatural cloister, that her elder sister may go off to greater advantage, her portion being thus increased, so followed our unpracticed mistress the *Domino**, who condescended to pull us off, and shewed himself a very handy chamber-maid ; then observing a

* *How happy a state does the virgin possess,
Whose gay, sprightly bosom no troubles distress,
She's ever, brisk, airy, good-natur'd and gay
No cares to molest her by night or by day.
Uncontroll'd by a husband, her actions are free ;
Of herself and her fortune sole mistress is she.
In freedom and pleasure her life she doth pass,
But take care ye fair—there's a snake in the grass.
Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss, if she please,
Which is bought at th'expence of her freedom and ease ;
Confin'd by her cares still at home she must stay,
While abroad we can range to the park, ball and play,
Surrounded each day by a crowd of smart beaux,
Who're proud to attend her wherever she goes :
About her they swarm which way e'er she can pass ;
But take care, ye fair, there's a snake in the grass. G.M.*

wrinkle

wrinkle in her stockings, he must needs tie her garters : at last we found him to be one of those blades, who, when once a girl is in their gripe, she never escapes without losing some of her feathers ; to tie her stockings, he swore, was such an honour, O my charming creature !---Here a miller's wife suddenly broke in, the *domino* disappeared, and who should this be but the much more experienced sister of our mistress, who very submissively followed her home, her heart going pit-apat, certain of a thundering rattle ; however, all the gentle lady said, was, You may bless yourself that I happened so soon to miss you. But, answered my *Innocence*, How came you to know that I was in that room, did your shoes ever pinch you that you went there ? No, no, child, it was my husband who informed me there was such a conveniency, and I quite forgot to tell you of it, but missing you could not be easy till I hunted every where ; for, let me tell you, *ridottos* are dangerous places for girls *. A sudden accident drew our mistress from the country, we and two more were chose to accompany her ; but, in a

* So dangerous that, according to the *Rape of the Lock*, nothing less than a Sylph (an æthereal spirit) can prevent the ill consequences of such a rendezvous.

*What guards the purity of melting maids
At courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?*

few

few days, we were struck with the appearance of a pair of mourning shoes. They informed us, that miss's mamma was dead, and that her fifty-year'd eldest daughter took care to lament her in a manner as must be known to the world. The afflicted daughter, and the son-in-law, having shared the inheritance, our miss was presented with her mother's wedding-shoes, from whom we heard that the late lady, every anniversary of her wedding-day, went to church, and that what made her very loath to die, was a vow she had lately made, that if she saw another wedding-day she would send the parson a hare for his dinner. At the end of the mourning-year, being too streight for our owner, we were made a present of to the house-keeper, a sly prude, a devout cheat, so artful that there was nothing she could not get from her mistress, and without so much as a hint by words. She soon hied away with us to her chamber, and there surveyed us a long time with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, till at length excess of joy loosened her tongue; Well, these will suit my pink sack charmingly, and if my husband brings grist to his mill, egad he shall buy me an *Adrian* *. The lady is dead, here's several children, and the son-in-law is so dipped that he hardly knows which way to turn

* A kind of new-fashioned gown worn by the *Saxon* ladies, and so called from its inventor, a first-rate genius in point of dress for both sexes.

himself,

himself, and the legacies are to be paid; if my husband does not get a good lump of the estate into his hands, he shall never come betwixt a pair of sheets with me. The late lady, when living, left all to him, and hang him for a fool, if he has not kept his books so as to make the best on't. Ye dear pretty things, you'll see me dress'd as well as any mistress ye ever had; my turn is coming now to be lady. There's a foot! let any princess of the empire match them. This mistress, I hate that ugly name, is the youngest; ay, master was old, but the fencing-master was a man every inch of him, and I'm sure I never see the young gipsy's face but she puts me in mind of him, and turn out she shall the moment we are in possession. A wink would also make him mine; no, that won't do. I am pretty well provided with man's flesh already. Next *Sunday*, my pretty rogues, ye shall go on, till when I'll wrap you up very carefully. When this virtuous soliloquy would have ended is a question, had not word been brought that the parson's lady was coming up. Have you not seen at the ridotto an insidious coquette, with only a half-mask on, or observed the artifice of a lace-handkerchief, covering, but not concealing, the inflammative beauties of a snowy breast? With the like design of hiding and shewing we were put under Mrs. *Housekeeper's* scritore,

scritore, with our glittering peaks in sight, to excite her visitant's admiration and envy; but she was sorely balked. See us most certainly the parson's wife did, there was no avoiding it; but all her discourse was about the management of a family, the education of children, the false ideas of happiness, the delights of an uniform virtue, and tenderly lamented the misfortune of the late lady in both respects, and though not quite past her bloom, not a single word did she bestow on ceremonies, fashions, and scandal, thus unmeaningly reading a severe lecture to my mistress, who accordingly was galled with it, and her omitting to take notice of us, than is a conceited witling, when the company does not burst into a laughter at a jest of his coining. These lectures of morality cost the fair speaker dearish; no pot of butter shall she have from me, said my mistress within herself, though before she had set one apart for her; but as the minister's wife could not, for shame, be dismissed without some offering, she did vouchsafe to give her a score of eggs. So we were laid by till *Sunday*. As the downy-chinned student, with haughty joy, first girds to his side the glittering sword, ill-judged present of paternal fondness, and peeps through his kimbowed arm to see whether it has the janty *swing-swang*; with no less conceit did the house-keeper draw

us on her unworthy feet, surveying us with the same triumph and look with which she honours her dearest treasure, the fantastical furniture of her room: Ods liffikins, what fine Shoes the steward's wife has on! was the cry among the young and old of our sex as she walked along to church, where the young lady's chamber-maid happening to sit next to her, her Slippers informed me, that they observed very strong emotions of envy and indignation in their young mistress. No sooner were the family returned home, but the chamber-maid

*Came bristling up in wrathful wise,
Rowling about her gogle eyes,
As she'd have thrown them in her face,
And to her fury giving place,*

You claw-back, you tell-tale, mischief-making devil, says she, with a flow of other such appellations, which came as copiously from her foaming mouth, as the names of distempers from a mountebank. Our lady, on her side, gave her as good as she sent, and being a robust virago, was about to make her feel what she envied, having already untied my comrade, and was pulling it off; when her husband came up in the very instant, and drew her in-doors. The regular physician does not, with more contemptuous mien, scowl on the stage of an

E

am-

ambulatory emperic, than this active mediator frowned on us, and immediately with knit brow, uttered his absolute command, *never let these Shoes see day-light any more.* Tears and sobs, the usual resources of women to mollify the anger of their easy husbands, here fail'd of their usual effect; the decree was irrevocable; sometimes she threw her arms about his neck, then wetted his cheeks with her tears, intermingling the most submissive intreaties, and most tender blandishments, thrice she renewed these affecting assaults, and thrice with inexpressible harshness was repelled. I own, bad as she was, I did not like such implacable severity against a suppliant wife; and being in a passion myself, these passionate lines struck into my memory,

*Scoundrel, thou lvest, no folks of fashion,
E'er coupled for thy procreation;
Some bunter dropt thee in a ditch,
Or thou wert whelp'd by tinker's bitch.*

He indeed at first setting out, knowing her mettle, had disciplined her into docility, so that she was obliged patiently to pocket the misfortune; and to the great joy, of Miss *Combrush*, the cause of all this rout, he took us away to a shoe-maker, in the town, and exchanged us for a plain pair; we were at that time as good as new, it could not be seen that

that we had been worn, so you must think it was not long before he had a customer for us. A gentlewoman in dress happening to cast an eye on us, came into the shop, Lack-a-day, what's the price of those Shoes? The master told her, and without a word more he had his price. As she was wrapping us up, our late master said, I wish you well to wear, madam, lack-a-day, I've had very great oppressions at the breast, and lack-a-day, a good many other odd kind of disorders, but lack-a-day, at present I am pretty well; time calls, lack-a-day, I must away. When we were got to our new quarters, these *lack-a-days*, made me the more eager to know what hands we had fallen into; upon which a Slipper answer'd, that our mistress was a young widow, and set up for and had the character of a very prudent and virtuous woman, but that hell could not match her for wyliness; she had the wicked ingenuity, so exactly to counterfeit, the coin of neighbouring states, that it pass'd without any suspicion, and tho' part of it was lavish'd away, in as wicked a manner, as it was procured, yet amongst her sharp-sighted neighbours and acquaintance, she carried such a fair exterior as to be reckoned a pattern of virtue: good God the vile places she has frequented in disguise! I myself, I am ashamed to think of it, have carried her to those sinks of iniquity, and in those sinks there was not a

filthier creature than herself, the solemn look, the down-cast eye, and the demure carriage, which distinguished her in the street, broke out at once into such libidinous, ———but I check myself, the alteration is not fit to be nam'd in modest company: not an evening lecture, or an extraordinary prayer-day but to be sure we were there; yet in criticisms on the minister's expression, stile and doctrine, Mrs. *Devotee* had as good a hand as at private scandal, in which she was known to spare nobody, yet some wise folks, forsooth, called this a severity of virtue, a zeal against any appearance of evil. In the psalms her voice was heard all over the church; and yet at home, a prostitute would have blush'd at some of her songs, many other things, which our comrades told us, are not fit to be mentioned, they would shock chaste ears. Once she was singing her morning hymn, in the Paphian stile, and had just drawn on her stockings, and us; and whilst without any other covering this mirror of piety, stood viewing her beautiful body, some wanton wag had been peeping thro' the key-hole, 'till a forc'd, or voluntary cough, which I know not, discovered him. This cough was a thunder-clap to her, all the blood in her body flew up into her face, she trembled every joint; then with a sudden spring as if the house had been on fire this exemplary lady inflamed at such

a profanation of her mysteries, whipped on a loose gown, and flew to the door, swearing the dog should pay for his peeping. Does he with whom the judge is in fee fly the court, as little haste did the audacious inspector make to avoid the eye of our enraged lady, open flew the door, but she suddenly stood still, the other grinning in her face, to which all the answer was, you have a good stock, I'll assure you; he walked in and expiated his presumption. Sometime after we were given away to the maid, as a hush present, the wench being apt to give her tongue improper liberties on her betters, but this ungrateful maid of such a liberal mistress, made so little account of us, as even to sell us to an old-cloaths-woman, who was also one of the most dexterous assistants to the debaucheries of the young sparks, and of married men too. She soon had us vamped up to qualify us for our original honours; the ardent neighbour of a young female had for sometime, thro' the concurrence of the propitious mother of his charmer, discovered his insupportable flame: expressive glances, quivering sighs, languishing looks, large promises, and all the other artillery of a heart-felt passion had been repeatedly employed: But on this flinty damsel they made no impression, that unfashionable heart of hers wou'd be true to one man, in spite of all such prettinesses. This we had from a Slipper of the old bel-

dam's, which had been scores of times at this cruel beauty's; at length this experienced engine of the devil, imagined she had hit on an infallible expedient for relieving the despairing lover. Here's a pair of Shoes says she to him, buy them, and try what they will do. He did, and sent us by his counsellor; his exulting mind already anticipates the transporting consequences of this irresistible present. Not more luxuriant is the imagination of a student inflated with his scientific acquisitions, when already in his study he imitates the stately carriage of a court-counsellor, chaplain, or physician, that being so well qualified in the essentials, he may not be wanting in the externals of those dignities, than were the ideas of this extatic lover, skipping about the old woman's-shop with triumphant gestures, at the supposed victory. The avaricious go-between, went on her message, and by the mother's gracious interposition was admitted; at length the preliminaries were settled, we were left there, as was also secretly a most amorous letter. The old woman promised a second visit, and told the fair one that much finer things would follow; the letter happened to be immediately found, and the faithful spouse was reading it over in some confusion when her husband came home. See my dear, see what an abominable letter this humble servant of mine--- hush, says he, smelling a rat, don't be in a heat,
that

that will spoil all, I know what course to take. If the wife blush'd, he was ready to burst with laughing at reading the letter. And laying their heads together, they formed a contrivance, which should utterly quench the flame with which this hot-spurred wight was so dreadfully consumed. An appointment was made with the inraptured neighbour, the husband was at his jovial club, and she alone. The well instructed wife had dressed herself up in all his presents, and told her maid, she might spend that evening with her father and mother, and a heap of foul wet linen was piled up, as it were, on a chest of drawers, to shew she made no stranger of him. The lover did not fail to keep time, she herself opened the door and he was let in by his dear, who behaved so, that he thought all his torments were going to be happily compensated, she permitted him some little familiarities, but whilst he was indulging himself in them, gave the signal agreed on, which was a loud sneeze, the husband who was come back to his post, after a little noise at the door, bolted in, she feigned a terrible concern, and hastily threw the foul linen all over her *inamorato*. I left a letter upon the window which must be sent away with all haste, cries the husband, and here's your cursed heap of duds in the way, that its beyond my reach. Lord, saysthe wife, you are in such a firmity-heat if a thing

thing is not done in an instant, I'll get at it, the stool is under the linen. Well, well, an hour or two will break no squares, answered he, I'll e'en rest myself a while, and down he squats himself upon the heap of linen, but so violently, that the shuddering stool gave way, and the husband, in a seeming fury, halling about the linen, lo, appeared the gallant, lately so flushed with anticipated joys; but now, not more sheepish are the looks of a barren writer, when before a company convicted of plagiarism, and the verses or sentences of other authors, awkwardly disguised by him, shewn to his face, the agonizing wretch fate all in a heap waiting some tremendous catastrophe,

*With hanging arms and palid colour,
No ghost could e'er look pitifuller :
By his attitude of dejection,
His staring eyes and wan complexion;
One would have fear'd that just o'th' sudden,
He'd have given the crow a pudden.*

But the husband chearfully told him, let this be a warning to you, and leave honest women to their own husbands ; if you have not a mind to be the jest of the town, take yourself away quietly, and what you have got here, keep to yourself. With that the lover stole down stairs, and slink'd away home. Many such snares were laid for my virtuous

virtuous mistress ; but her innate rectitude, strengthened by conjugal affection, always came off with flying colours. From her I became acquainted with you ; the mistress of this house having sent her a present of a fine ham, we fine Shoes were sent in return, being, as she thought, above her wear ; whereas, for our present lady nothing is good enough. We have been already twice soled, and now have a long time been worn only slipper-wise ; so that I have no better expectations than yourself. Thus, cousin Slipper, you have a true and impartial narrative of my strange and surprising adventures through this revelling world. I thank you, brother Shoe ; in truth we need neither of us much dread our dissolution. But there's Sly-Boots has been listening all this while ; suppose we should insist upon his history, it cannot but be diverting ; for to my knowledge he has not always lived in one service : besides, he has been in the wars against the *French* and *Spaniards*, and must have seen many a strange fight in foreign countries.

And now, my worthy friend, if these histories have afforded you such entertainment that you are inclined to hear Boots's relation, I shall send it you ; for my curiosity led me to attend whether Boots would give such a depreciating account of his masters,

sters, as Shoes and Slippers had of their mistresses *.

* As an apology for our Author, if he stands in need of any, I shall conclude with that of *Gay* for introducing the speaking ghost of an Embryo in his *What d'ye call it*. I have, says he, *Aristophanes's* authority in his chorus of *Frogs*. Mr. *D'Urfey*, of our own nation, has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech. Swans and Elbow-chairs, in the opera of *Dioclesian*, have danced upon the *English* stage with good success; and the natural *Shakespear* hath some characters of this fort, as a *speaking wall*, and *moon-shine*. See his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.



F I N I S.

